Then in the sunset we wend to the Kaiser Bagh, the Durbar Hall, open all round to the glow in the east, opposite the Begum's palace, where the royal fish is emblazoned in the orange stucco, the sign flabby as the signified, from where the female sepoys of the Padshah Begum, the king of Delhi's daughter, preceded her and the kettledrums, the peacock fans, and embroidered umbrellas as she passed to prayer.

Could she have known that a Western woman would dare, only fifty years later, to speak all unveiled from the royal Gadi !

Yet what good wishes from my sisters of the Orient have followed me from behind the purdah on my mission to proclaim to the outer world the messages of those divine men who have chosen the East as their imme-morial home, the least of whose servants am I. Bengalis, radiant in soft dark beauty, have painted the white tilak of Shiva on my paler forehead, as dressed in the setting sun hues of the Hindu ascetic I have gone forth

to remind their nation that the Mahatmas live. Kashmiri brahmanis, white as myself, have wound themselves round me with links as supple as the winding of their own Jhelum. Deccani